KAMADU

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Xanadu

Dr. Leo T. Doherty Memorial High School
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The views and opinions expressed by the individuals published in *Xanadu* are not necessarily those of the magazine.

Xanadu
is a collage of creativity
by and for the Doherty community.
It is a reflection of many individuals:
their thoughts, expressions, frustrations, and inspirations.
We are presenting their works to you
for your enjoyment.

A Letter...

In response to the last issue of *Xanadu*, the staff received several complaints. The staff would like to take the opportunity to address them here. It has come to our attention that some of the works that were printed in the magazine were plagiarized. The staff asks for *only* original pieces. We must rely on the students to submit *only* original works. Another complaint was that pieces with incorrect authorship were published. To write a piece and to put someone else's name on it is not a joke. It is very hard for the staff to control this as we do not know all of the authors or their writing styles. In the future, the magazine will be publishing only pieces which have the author's name and homeroom attached to them. Pieces can be published anonymously upon request. This will be true of artwork also. This policy is aimed to protect the students and the magazine. A list of accepted pieces is posted on the door of Room 419 and in several other areas of the school. The staff asks students to check this list and to speak to Ms Eldridge in Room 419 or to a staff member if they have any problems. The staff hopes that these provisions will help to clear up the problems that have existed in the past. The staff understands students' concerns and appreciates your responses to the magazine.

The staff would like to thank Mr. Lucey and his Graphic Communications classes for printing the magazine.

For this issue, *Xanadu* is working without editors. We are attempting to get the entire staff involved in the production of the magazine. If you are interested in joining the staff, drop in on a meeting or speak to Ms Eldridge or a staff member. You can join the staff anytime during the course of the year.

The Staff

An Unfinished Voyage in Wandering

Upon the hills there are trees of affection
They stand there dominantly dropping pillows of attractive love
Everyday I want to be here and smell the salt of the sea
In which it does naturally fulfill the stairway of harmony
The land's formation shapes itself as it multiplies the colors of a delighted rainbow
Rays of sunlight blind initial responses and the clouds cluster together symbolizing existing ultramundane environments
Erected on the land mystically are monuments of surpassing splendor
That to the eye appear to be malfunctioning levels of delusion
But on the lake of overflowing enchantments floats a transparent translation of what radiates within and without all of us - the life force

Joe Pasquale

A Story of Puff and Draggin'
(unfinished experiments in ailments 1)

The table is erected alone in front of me - what a shock to hear it melting with frosting. Indeed, there is nothing new to be seen in this level besides the delusions in the gravy. As I get up from my chair, the things around me drastically begin to disappear. The lights beautify my room and illuminate their red colour. Ah! What's the crisis? As I now sit at my piano choking on tea...MM!

At first, I play a nice and pleasant sound. But to it? No more I say it's time to weigh a pound! A face appears from the wall, that image I do recall. Miss Jamie Kate dancing to my own mystifying melody. What a pity, that tissue drips from the floor, and the green custard spurts from out of the wall. Now these voices have returned and I must make room to stay in, when playing my piano of jelly.

I'm sitting here now, lying naked and playing my piano under a white blanket. And with a deep sharp sound, I open the walls and slide on down to where she is. The weather in the room becomes wild, and I jaunt about in the air flying above and below all of thy laundry.

Above the rug, the piano still plays with the wave of my thought in place. What lovely screams I create that would make your body violently shake. HA! HA! Isn't that a pity? It is another shame that I blew my mind and lost the game. The bathtub drains its blue hair and some candles shed their colour of red meat gone rare. Screaming more and more I'm alright, just yelling off the fear that made me uptight. I'll just have to look down and speak to him in visions to signify when he should use the keys...for a shattered mirror still smokes, and a cup spills over the jokes.

Joe Pasquale

Foreshadowing of the Mind

O yes that slime drips from the ceiling in goops of they
call Nancy's and of course spreads like a disease in attacks
of Stephanies The sun always dries these strange
apparitions up, and this celebration is called Marigold.

Anonymous

Reds put circles in my mind;
They make me fly.
When you're under the influence,
You feel like you'll never die...
The time goes by so slow.
This way you'll never realize
how fast you're gonna go.

Anonymous

elves are drowning

tears in my rice krispies

my bowl is making noises
and I haven't even
poured the milk yet

hurry up and pass the sugar
they're getting soggy

Anonymous

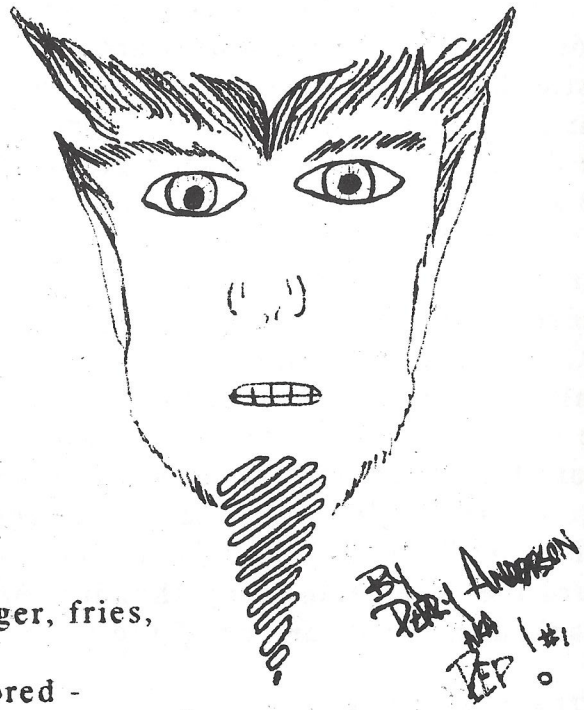
last thursday just before dawn, our scene opened on a dingy dungeon where iain and dorian lay sprawled in their respective corners with the rats and slimy refuse. iain was there for slaying dragons without a permit, but his sentence was for only one day more. however, dorian had slain the princess and saved the dragon which the king thought Ultimately Weird, and now dorian was preparing to die. i was there too, in my own corner knitting booties for my wife's newest arrival. i'd flooded the castle, but no one really cared so i was getting out that day. just then, the castle morgue's bell tolled the dawn. we heard clanking steps coming down the stairs to excoriate the guests. first they took me (in chains around my hands) and then dorian. It was a long climb up from the sub sub sub basement, where the dungeon was kept, but when we came out, we were still unprepared for the blinding sunlight. dorian was taken over to the gate, and at the same time, they steered me over to the Foaming Death Pit. of course i protested, screaming, "no, no that's dorian. i'm nigEl. leave me alone. set me free or i'll sue!" but did they listen? no. of course not. i heard the outer gate clang shut just before i smacked the oily surface of the water and died.

nIGEL lungfishshire

The Walls

The walls are dark, closing in on me.
The walls hurt.
The walls want to make me cry.
The walls hurt.
The walls don't say it but wish I would die.
The walls hurt.
The walls hurt.

Anonymous



Sitting here
going crazy -
Crazy to go
(with a burger, fries,
and a coke).
I'm being bored -
or am I bored
with being.

Anonymous

Simple - As It Seems

Here we sit
in this despised estab
and sip milky tea
firmly held with
clutching fingers.
My hands do shake
as I laugh - a nervous giggle.
You thought I lost
that old insanity
but I could not....
And all my old insecurities
And all my old habits
And all my old desires
take form
before you.
My body tenses
in wait
for my cup to fall,
to break,
and He to turn, and He to glare
at my fragility of mind.
While shards writhe on the tiles
jumping up to meet my eyes,
foolishly we think
We have not changed.

Amy Theerman
02/14/90

i flew up the stairs two at a time. then i opened the door and stepped out without thinking. the hall stretched endlessly to my left, miles of locked white doors; and to my right, in the corner, the ice machine was humming placidly. past the ice machine and around the bend, i heard the subtle click of a door, rather odd in a vacant hallway. i slipped around the corner and peered into the next hall. the rug, a swirly mass of dark bloody red and black and purple swam before my eyes. the walls were dark, and i felt sick just to look at the screaming bloody mess. i remember thinking, as i fell, it looked like the rug in my hotel room on the sixth floor at the holiday inn when i was two. i sat in my crib for hours with my brother teasing me. he took my brown ponytail holder with pink bobbly things, and it got lost behind the radiator. in the middle of the night, my crib collapsed, and i fell on the horrible carpet. in the same manner that one dreaming of falling wakes suddenly, i floundered in the abrupt reality of consciousness. as i stumbled dizzily into the floor, i had a strong urge to find my ponytail holder with pink bobbly things, then i was unconscious. he that i had been chasing and had shut that door heard my wounded limping fall, risked all and came out to see what happened. he saw me lying there with my mind reeling and shot me until i was dead.

niGeL lungfishshire

Sometimes, I hate
and have wanted,
and in all my jealousy,
I have feared
my end.

Anonymous

Still Patrick

Your gaze slips sideways
for that moment
and fixes on the abstract
which floats about my reality.
I fidget and suffer.
I hide behind the hands,
behind the hairstyles.
You beckon me
to draw near,
and you whisper
the blank speech
for nothing better
to do -
than to fathom my depths.

May Young

The wind whispered through the air
Time escaped at every moment
Minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years
Going by without notice
Everyone in a deep slumber

Anonymous

2-28-90

The times have all been changing,
nothing is like it used to be.
The moments were so special,
I remember how they used to be.
I'll just take a journey back in time,
and go through it all again,
just as long as I can have
you back with me,
when our time comes to an end.

Johanna Dross

-for JDM

Pushing, struggling, burning
Always on the edge
Fighting, wrestling, wrenching
Questioning authority
Wild, unrest, untamed

Always going up against the wall,
Wanting to break through,
And take you along,
Just out of curiosity,
Probing the bounds of reality,
Wanting to see what would happen

He is at rest,
For now he knows.

Mitch

For Dave-

I think I'll miss him,
but I can't be sure
for he is not the same person I fell in love with.
He has warped into
something I cannot identify with.
His spirit is broken, his ambitions dashed
and his feelings numbed.
I think he will miss himself more
than I could ever miss him.

Mitch

Conformity

Wandering in secrecy
In fear of my identity
Blaming myself indefinitely
For events happened inevitably
Drawing myself in rapidly
I tell lies endlessly
Turning from myself fearfully
I'm forced to face with false bravery
But worth it to me, shamelessly
Your love fills me reassuringly.

Laura Goldstein

Photographs.

Faces wash down the window with the rain.
Like stains on my memory.
I will never rid myself of them.
Some I wish I could ;
Others, I hope, will never fade.

I regret having done a lot of things.
Too many goodbyes never spoken.
Too many tears shed over regrets.
Too many letters that I never bothered to write.
Too many thank you's I never gave.

Photographs and voices,
All kept in the back of my mind.
Sitting there, never to be harmed.
Only to cause sadness and pain.

When the plane took off,
It was a way of never seeing
So many smiling eyes again.

Are you to become a face washed with the rain?
I don't have any photographs of you.

K'pail R'zaite.

Leaves of '89.

It must be really scary not being able to remember the way home.
Or even worse — knowing the way but you can't go back.
Control.
That's what it's all about.
Move that.
Hold this.
Can't do it?
Why not?
Must be awful when you can't cry anymore.
Or even worse — when things are so bad, nothing is terrible enough to make you cry.

The walls are long and smooth.
This wonderful white color.
I need cans of spray paint.
To express myself.
Say and write the things my parents don't find acceptable.
Define acceptable Mom.
Dad?
You guys don't have **anything** to say?
Hypocrites...
If you guys can't be honest with me,
Then how do you expect to stick together,
With each other?
Oh well.
Who really cares anyway?
I think I do,
But I'm not sure.

It's late.
And cold....
Really cold.
And the leaves are starting to disappear.

I think I'll collect a lot of leaves and put them in a jar
And mark the jar " '89."
That way I'll be able to hold onto today, tomorrow.
But in 2009, I'll open up the jar and all there'll be is dust.
Dust and tears.
My tears.
I don't want to cry about it, but I really want to hold onto today.
That silly?
Well....?
C'mon, just tell me.
I can handle what you have to say.
Oh alright, you don't want to say anything either.
I see.....

K'pail R'zaite.

For Catrin...

We, you and I,
walk through these walls
of purple-clothed people
with green eyes
(GREEN?!)

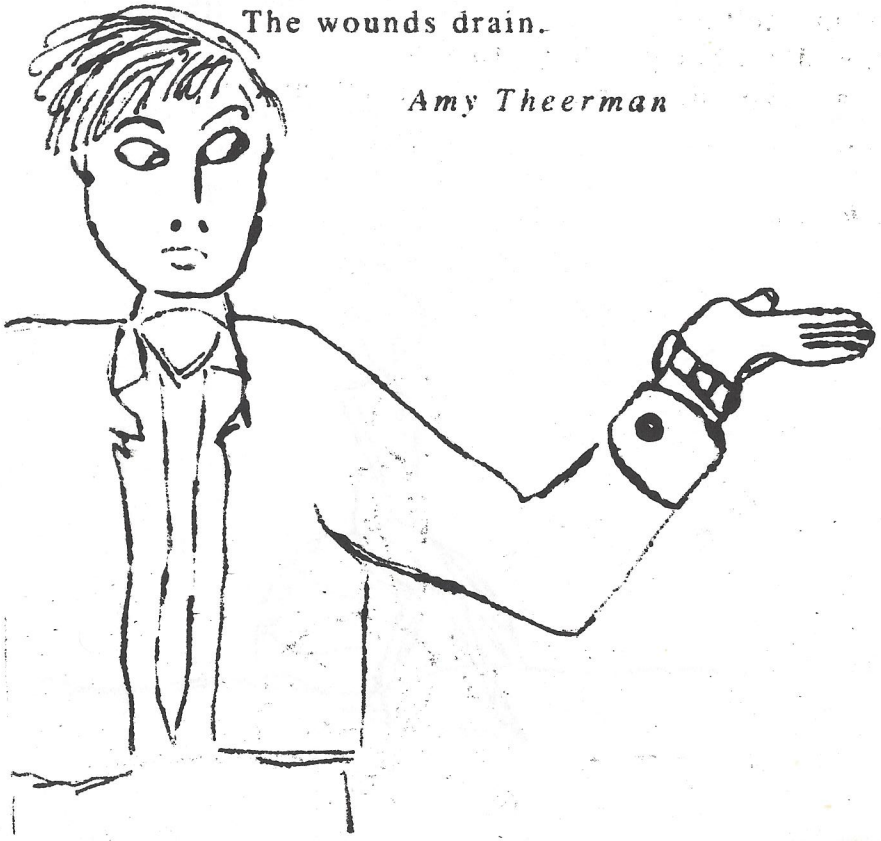
We twist like two sleek black Cats
with *yellow* eyes
which is a joke.

(tee - hee - titter - titter - titter)

Hit her with cold water
and watch, with a hiss,

The wounds drain.

Amy Theerman



A Matter of Principle

Perhaps, someday you will
Jab your final jab, and someone will
Question your humanness.

Perhaps, one day, someone who once
Joked to mask his frustration will not remain
Quiet any longer.

Perhaps, in a year long awaited, your
Jaunt will end, your unfairness revealed,
and my taste for honesty and creation
will be
Quenched.

Zach Sprat

City Park

Dry and creviced,
The man's face hid halfway
Underneath his wool hat.
His mouth was slightly opened
And there was a string of drool
Leading down to the bench.
He clutched a blanket
To his slight, shivering body.
I stuffed my hands deeper into the pockets
Of my quilted jacket
As I walked past.
I'd give him money if I had any
But I didn't bother to check.
I should turn away and leave him
At least his dignity as he slept,
But my eyes were frozen to him,
His scruffy chin,
The way he lay there
You couldn't tell if he was dead or not.
I cared -
I did
But then why was I still walking,
Towards my house
Turning the corner,
I stuffed my hands down deeper into the pockets
Of my jacket
And felt a bill.
I didn't care its denomination
And I wasn't even
Half-thinking
As I turned the doorknob
And stepped inside.

Laura Goldstein

Overcome.

Piercing eyes have no soul.
They are in another world.
Out of sound, out of mind, out of body.
Shattered by the break of the bough.
We never could have held it up.
We are too self destructive,
To ever have accomplished such a feat.

To overcome self destruction,
Is to overcome temptation.
To overcome temptation,
We must overcome passion.
To overcome passion,
We must overcome love.
To overcome love,
We must overcome power.
To overcome power,
It is to overcome all obstacles in our way,
And without obstacles,
We don't reach new heights.
If we have no new heights,
There are no new horizons.
May you always have horizons,
And always be happy.

K'pail R'zaite.

Senseless Poet

The senseless babble of a hypocritical poet
Nature!
Peace!
Down with people whose ideas differ from ours!
A person who
writes, draws, or paints
Of new ideas
And claims she is right,
Does not realize that
Perhaps she is wrong.
A close-minded poet
will never feel the
pain of a "preppy"
or the
suffering of a "snob."
And all the while the
critical poet,
the one who speaks of
acceptence,
and the one who has the
passionate capability to
change the minds of the
masses,
forgets that she is
the "snob,"
but with a
different style
and a
different vocabulary.

Wake up, you senseless poets!
Feel, touch, and yearn for
the understanding that
will make you a true
poet
and
friend.

Anonymous

Absurdity

As they march victoriously into the small hick town, a long, tedious paean echoes in the hills where the little people live.

The troops accept this with only the most egotistical pride as a human can possess - thinking that they themselves were responsible for the triumph.

And so, the c.o., engulfed by this ego just as his men are, lets the troops mingle with the townsfolk.

He himself being a strong, stout, able person sat alone on a stone and watched his men rejoice.

There was Davis stuffing himself with as many frankfurters as he could and chatting with town officials about war tactics.

"We trekked over them hills there where those funny little people live. Scared the bleemin' Dickens outa' them, we did," he said in his thick southern accent which had no distinct origin.

"You are all heroes!" was their response.

"Do you really think so?" was his toying question. Of course *he* thought they were, for they hadn't lost a soul on their side.

"Absolutely!" they shouted, and the c.o. chuckled heartily to himself.

And Higgins? Higgins you ask of? Well Higgins was up to his old tricks. He was persuasively talking to the townswomen about war tactics.

"Funny people those little people."

"Yes they are!" answered the women who were only too eager to agree.

"Don't believe in war, those people," he said matter-of-factly.

"Well don't fret," they said, "*you* are all victors!"

Of course *he* thought they were, for they hadn't lost a soul on their side.

"Absolutely!" they shouted, and the c.o. chuckled to himself.

And over there was McHue. Big Bad John McHue. He hadn't the brain enough to say it in intellectual terms, but the smile on his face revealed his pleasure as he shouted with a fourth-graders' vocabulary: "WE WON! WE WON!"

"Yes! You are winners!" they shouted with the same feeling and conviction.

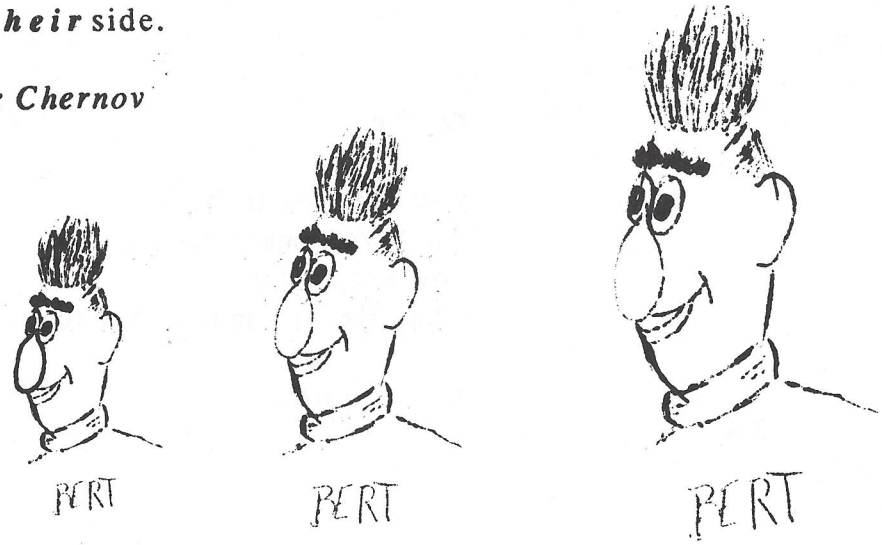
"Do you really think so?" asked John McHue.

"Absolutely!" they shouted, and the c.o. chuckled to himself.

And the dumb mute Richardson sat on a stone alone. And across the way the c.o. sat chuckling. And there was a tear in Richardson's eye. It was not just because the egotists called him dumb for more than the reason of his not being able to speak, but rather because he knew the truth. These men were not winners, victors, or heroes, for they hadn't lost a soul

on ***their*** side.

Eric Chernov



The Lord of the new creatures
beckons us
into a strange new land,
for there he will teach us
about his crazy plan.

We heard him call from behind the wall,
and to him we rush to go.
He is our door to understanding
and everything we need to know.

We would spend all our time
in his land and soak up his teachings
like a sponge,
but the big people must not know
the knowledge we have stumbled upon.

Alone at night
inside us,
we're as wild as we can be.
There are no chains to bind us
for you have to dream what you see.

Mitch

to be

you are not to be
what you want to be
you are to be
what He has made you to be

Anonymous

Don Juan in the Age of Disease

Canto I: Menacing Monolith

The rain-matted dog sniffs the industrial sphincter.
A towering gothic cancer oozing a technicolor slime.
At one hundred-eighty stories tall, it is a unique obscenity.
The city unfolds in all directions from this goliath beacon
in a network of twisted steel folded on itself many times.
Of bounding flesh-master plazas, it is the highest peak
of the man-made metropolitan cybernetic pleasure palaces.
People wander, blissfully sampling exquisite electro-
stimulated phantasms.

Far above, the executives await the bloody eclipse of Mars.
Deep below, the roots run into the gray earth.
Somewhere in between, a naked employee sucks the
nozzled showerhead in hopes of flushing the poison
that runs in the tracks of his veins. The smog rests
over the city like a terminal cloud of infection.

Canto II: Majestic Don

Industrial view one-eighty stories tall that pierces the low smog strangle. It dims the sight on the ground it grips. The light of day, like liquid, runs to the sides of the horizon. One-eighty stories up, the sky seems much brighter. One-eighty stories up, the social disease called sexual hypocrisy is his imagination. He can relax. Don grips the coin-op binoculars and focuses.

Down below, braving the smoke and meat bar density, Don can't believe this pageantry: Venting frustrations of young blood, young flesh - each carrying the flaming lust brand that is well insulated, yet drives them towards fear of being cindered. The fear to face the gout of terminal amusements. Mighty Don Juan of bold teeth in a broad jaw - with gilded stare and gold brazen hair, he glides among the adorers of Aphrodite: his wretched peers. Don is the drop of detergent that visits the greasy meatloaf pan. Caesar Don, your presence is noted.

Canto III: Plague

The dank pits below the city's foundation contain the residues of their sin. There, the mutation of a rare terminal disease occasioned a new Black Death. The foul phage curdles the blood into a viscous goo. The sexually transmitted blood glue was tagged Immaculate Death: a venereal horror for an age of lead conscience and aluminum liberties. When the force of Nature broadsides a nation's lifestyle, the dens of infection explode onto the streets in a flood of oblivion.

Canto IV: Edge

The viscous edge of last night's indulgence is lessened by opaque illusion. His broken plaster ceiling is an amoeba. Conjugation, and another piece falls. The solid limechalk ripples dust on the fake hardwood floor. Don feels like a discarded sandwich, a still clammy husk. His dark stained sofa knows a rhino's grace. Blood trickles through his veins. Reverend Sterile talked under the icon of his caduceus, "It is the beginning of time again. Death is a dream." Sterile needles symbolized the father era and bore the onus of hazy drug induced night delusions. Riveted by the bolts of lust. Crucified by regret. He remembers a dead person and the revelation of her doom to him.

Canto V: Remembrance

The man oozed through the door.
His eyes were dark sunken valleys
shot with red glaze. Out of a dim
corner of the Choking Octopus came
the appartition that held the virus
in her petri dish stomach. Don was
suspended in her gaze like an embryo
in a tube. The breath left his lungs,
and his ears disconnected themselves from
his brain. Though his body stood, his
heart sunk into itself. The mystery of
his test results paralyzed him in light
of her impending blood cell sludge.
She thought he had pulled the trigger
on her, and he could not refute it.
Toxic spit struck his shoe.
Through the valley ran torrents.

Canto VI: Ecstasy Ward

Prostrate and spineless. The humming apparatus
replaces the man's true senses in a complicated
weave of wires and glass fibers. The machine
is his joystick and fancy. It guides him through
chasms of fantasy and awakens him to the
extremities of his imagination. Similiar severities
line this hall. The cold steel boxes yield
molten surreal experiences. Three stalls down,
the luxuries of fictional consciousness cannot
lift Don's suspicion of imminent pale dense sinews.

Canto VII: Icy Dawn

The elevator hits one-eighty, and Don is alone.
The binoculars serve as his microscope of scrutiny.
Lights stretch to the limit of his sight which is
slowly failing. Erect and rigid, his limbs set like
cement. The city slows to silence at the edge of dawn.
Rubber world, rubber world, good-bye. It fades as the
blood pump slackens. A David in the flesh, almost saying
"Watch me you bastards, I'm still standing."

Nathan J. Heard

Monsters

It's 10:36,
and there are monsters under my bed.

I've been swimming in that oozy sick feeling for hours,
the presence of Mom's hand on my forehead
no longer there to protect me.
It's getting late, too late.
Into the forbidden hours when all children should be asleep,
the hours when the monsters come out.

Changing positions again,
I rub the sweat off my forehead
with my Blueblanket.
The monsters will be out soon.
My hair hurts.

I don't realize that I've been asleep
until the silence wakes me up.
I check the clock.
10:41

I've waded through the last two hours
in slow motion,
like those slow, dragging steps you take in a nightmare
when you try to run
from the monsters.

I sip at the tepid water that sits on my table
for just-in-case.
I grope to put the cup back down,

not wanting to knock off the thermometer
that still reads 103

There are some noises.
I know it's the monsters trying to get me out of bed
'cause even the house has gone to sleep
and stopped grumbling.

I clutch my Blueblanket,
and desperately try to fall asleep.
But you can't really try
to fall asleep,
can you?
The monsters are trying to make me get up and go
to the bathroom now.
I won't go.

They've already stolen my pillow.
They've put it on the floor next to the bed
where they can grab me.
I won't reach down.
I won't.

I wake up because I was sleeping on my side with
my ear folded.
It really hurts.
And it's really dark.
And now the clock is teasing me.
"It's 11:30," it screeches,
"It's 11:30, and that's when the monsters come out.
And you're
still
away-ake.

Yooooou're
still
away-aaake."

An orange flicker.
The monsters are trying to blow out my night light,
and the light switch is miles away.
I won't get out of bed.
They can't make me.
Blueblanket will protect me.
I hold tight to it.
It smells bad, full of nervous sweat.
The monsters are trying to blow out my night light.
-flicker

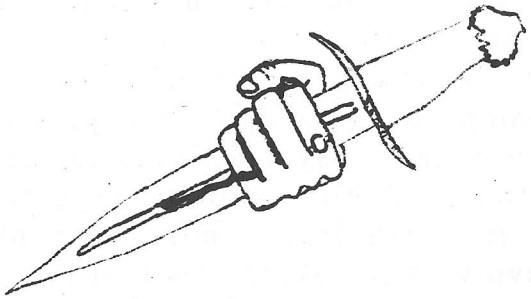
I am in space.
The only thing that grounds me is the taunting
11:32
floating in my eyes.
The monsters are coming out.
My head hurts so much. I flip on my stomach and
bury my head into the huge wad of blanket.
I can hear them coming to get me, thud.
thud, thud, THUD THUD, THUD THUD
They are trying to eat me.
If I keep my head in the blanket, they can't get me,
if I keep
my head in my blanket they can't get me, Oh my
God I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I wet my bed. Please don't
hurt me, I'm sorry THUD THUD, THUD THUD, THUD
THUD
THE MONSTERS ARE HERE
KEEP YOUR HEAD IN THE BLANKET

KEEP YOUR HEAD IN THE BLANKET
THEY'RE STEALING YOUR AIR. THEY WON'T LET ME
BREATHE
KEEP YOUR HEAD IN THE BLANKET
THUD, THUD, THUD THUD
KEEP YOUR HEAD IN THE BLANKET
KEEP
YOUR Head
in the
blanket.
in the blanket.
Thud, thud

Thud.

I lie still.
A twisty, sweaty thing in urine-soaked sheets,
my head coiled in Blueblanket, my teeth biting the
corner, I lie still.
In the morning, Mom will try to wake me up.
The monsters will giggle.

Anonymous



My Fifteen Minutes of Fame

My eyes hurt.

I slouch in my orange think-chair at the house in Gloucester, tapping the underside of a big yellow pad and drilling my eyebrows with my pencil eraser. I rip the top twenty pages of brain scribbles off my pad, as they are mediocre and stale. I toss the wad at the basket, but it accidentally lands in a big manila envelope addressed to a major publishing company. The envelope gets shuffled into my mass of paperwork, and goes out into the mail the next day.

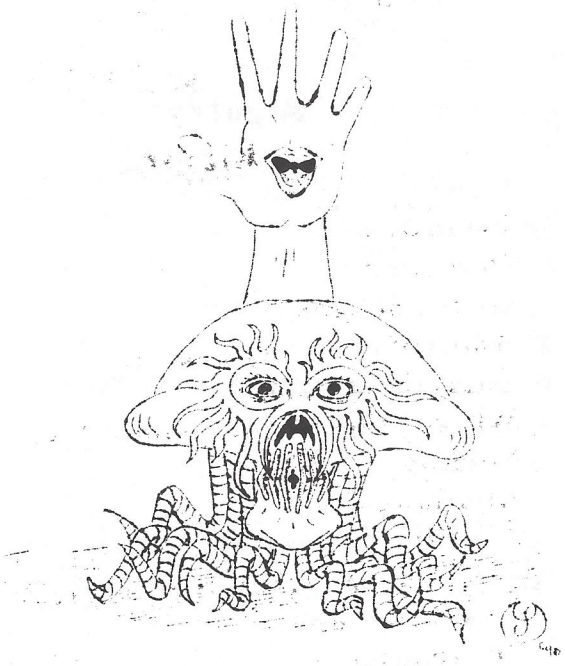
The publisher receives it, reads it, loves it. It is published as a novelette, and soon makes the best-seller list.

I am oblivious to all this until, on one particularly strange Monday, I receive two letters in the mail. One is my first dividend check, complete with card of congratulations from the publishing company. The other is a death threat from the leader of an obscure, third-world country who, after reading my book, declared it sacriligeous. He warns me that there is a $2.6 million price tag on my head, plus an additional $400,000 for the cover design. There is world-wide press, and my name becomes synonymous with the plight of the literarily oppressed. I am forced into hiding in England (I've always wanted to see England), where I travel incognito under the name Margaret Farquar.

Fourteen minutes later, Mr. "I've got a price on your head" is accidentally psychologically analyzed by a prominent psychiatrist, who declares him dyslexic. After a public apology (apparently the dyslexic, third-world leader misread a phrase in the story involving Narok, the book of the Ignorant), the world

calms down, and my name is forgotten, save the rumor in *Whatever Happened To...? Vol.88* that I am dead, and buried under Giant Stadium.

Zack Sprat



People and Clouds

People and clouds: some are nice.
Clouds see people as little as mice,
and people see clouds as things.

Adam Pasquale

Bigotry

Far away
In a land
Of fig newtons
And soft squishy coconut
There is a place
Where the purple people live
Singing
And laughing.
All day.
It's nice that they are purple
And not blue
Because then
They would
Look weird.

Laura Goldstein

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